

Production No. DABF02

The Simpsons

"SHE OF LITTLE FAITH"

Written by

Bill Freiberger

Created by
Matt Groening

Developed by

James L. Brooks
Matt Groening
Sam Simon

This script is not for publication or reproduction. No one is authorized to dispose of same. If lost or destroyed, please notify Script Department.

THE WRITING CREDITS MAY NOT BE FINAL AND SHOULD NOT BE USED FOR PUBLICITY OR ADVERTISING PURPOSES WITHOUT FIRST CHECKING WITH TELEVISION LEGAL DEPARTMENT.

Return to Script Department
20TH CENTURY FOX TELEVISION
10201 W. Pico Boulevard
Los Angeles, California 90035

TABLE DRAFT
Date 4/23/2001

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"She of Little Faith"

Cast List

HOMER	DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE	JULIE KAVNER
BART	NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA	YEARDLEY SMITH
ANNOUNCER (V.O.)	HARRY SHEARER
SPACE SHIP ENSIGN	DAN CASTELLANETA
SPACE SHIP CAPTAIN	HARRY SHEARER
SPACE SHIP SCIENTIST ...	HANK AZARIA
ASTRONAUT PITCHMAN	HANK AZARIA
MILHOUSE	PAMELA HAYDEN
NED FLANDERS	HARRY SHEARER
GARY	DAN CASTELLANETA
DOUG	HANK AZARIA
BENJAMIN	HARRY SHEARER
WINO	DAN CASTELLANETA
EXECUTIVE	HARRY SHEARER
GRAMPA	DAN CASTELLANETA
ORDERLY	HANK AZARIA
REV. LOVEJOY	HARRY SHEARER
MRS. SKINNER	TRESS MACNEILLE

KEARNEY NANCY CARTWRIGHT

OTHER COUNCIL MEMBERS .. JULIE/HARRY/TRESS/PAMELA
VOICE(O.S.)/MR. BURNS .. HARRY SHEARER

COUNCIL MEMBERS NANCY/JULIE/HARRY/TRESS/
..... PAMELA

JASPER HARRY SHEARER

LINDSAY NAEGLE TRESS MACNEILLE

USHER DAN CASTELLANETA

CHIEF WIGGUM HANK AZARIA

RICH TEXAN DAN CASTELLANETA

MONEY CHANGER HANK AZARIA

TEACHER TRESS MACNEILLE

RALPH NANCY CARTWRIGHT

CHOIR DAN/NANCY/TRESS/PAMELA

DR. HIBBERT HARRY SHEARER

CONGREGATION DAN/JULIE/NANCY/HARRY/HANK

GHOSTLY VOICE JULIE KAVNER

SHIVA HANK AZARIA

GANEESH DAN CASTELLANETA

POSEIDON HARRY SHEARER

APHRODITE TRESS MACNEILLE

BARTENDER/RICHARD GERE . HIMSELF

BUDDHA DAN CASTELLANETA

LUIGI HANK AZARIA

NELSON NANCY CARTWRIGHT

DOLPH TRESS MACNEILLE

JIMBO PAMELA HAYDEN

OLD JEWISH MAN HANK AZARIA
FIRST LORD DAN CASTELLANETA
MAID PAMELA HAYDEN
PIPER HARRY SHEARER
ROD FLANDERS NANCY CARTWRIGHT
SNAKE HANK AZARIA
MAN DAN CASTELLANETA
LENNY HARRY SHEARER
CARL HANK AZARIA
SANTA HANK AZARIA

SHE OF LITTLE FAITH

By

Bill Freiberger

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

ON TV

(A title card reads "Rain Delay Theater." It shows an umpire holding an umbrella and operating an old-fashioned movie projector.)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We now return to Rain Delay Theater and
"Space Attack on Planet Moon."

Smoke and **FIRE** billow out the back of a Flash Gordon-type rocket ship as it flies steadily towards the moon. (The ship casts a shadow against the "sky and stars" backdrop as it moves.).

INT. ROCKET SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Various CREW MEMBERS (all male with 50s-style hairdos) **FLING** themselves side-to-side, simulating turbulence.

SPACE SHIP ENSIGN

Captain, we've been attacked by some sort of force ray. Space air is flooding in!

SPACE SHIP CAPTAIN

Right. (COMMANDING) Goggles on!

The Captain and the crew put on small aviator-type safety goggles. They all **BREATHE** more easily. (The Captain pulls down a submarine-type periscope and looks through it.)

SPACE SHIP CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

We'll teach those Moon People to tangle
with the League of Planets! Load more
starcoal into the space cannon.

We see a BURLY ASTRONAUT in a sleeveless T-shirt shoveling
charcoal into the back of a space cannon.

SPACE SHIP SCIENTIST

Captain, as a man of science, I beg you
to reconsider.

SPACE SHIP CAPTAIN

Science this, professor!

The Captain **PUNCHES** the Scientist in the jaw.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS
BART and LISA are watching.

LISA

Oh great, punch out the voice of
reason.

BART

What's he supposed to do, not punch
him?

ON TV

We see a commercial, with a former astronaut-type PITCHMAN.

ASTRONAUT PITCHMAN

Hi, I'm Colonel Chet Manners, five-time
space shuttle alternate.

BART

(SING-SONG) Lo-ser.

ON TV

The pitchman holds up an Estes-style model rocket.

ASTRONAUT PITCHMAN

Do you want to boldly go where people
like me, but not me, have gone before?
Then get the Starspank Two Million --
with yaw control like you've never
seen!

FLASHING SUPER: YAW CONTROL!

ANGLE ON BART

reaching for phone.

BART

Lis, is Dad's credit card number
(QUICKLY) 578436534341709?

LISA

You know it is.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

SUPER: SIX TO EIGHT WEEKS LATER

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Homer is in his bathrobe, **FLOSSING** and singing to the tune of "Whip It".

HOMER

(SINGING) WHEN YOU HAVE A RIB-EYE
STEAK / YOU MUST FLOSS IT / OH, THAT
MEATLOAF TASTED GREAT / YOU MUST FLOSS
IT / NOW FLOSS IT, FLOSS IT GOOD.

Bart walks in holding a Starspank Two Million rocket kit.

BART

Hey, Dad. I got this model rocket in
the mail, but I'm having trouble
putting it together.

HOMER

Just use more glue.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Homer is clipping a hair in his ear.

HOMER

(SINGS) WHEN A HAIR IS IN YOUR EAR /
YOU MUST CLIP IT...

Bart walks in. He holds up his model rocket, which is now drenched in glue.

BART

I used too much glue.

HOMER

(GLANCING OVER) Nah, it looks good to
me. Let's go launch it.

Homer pulls the hair in his ear and it makes the hair on his head go down. He repeats this a few times.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Bart and MILHOUSE look on as Homer prepares the model rocket for launch. (The rocket is mounted on a launch rod, from which wires lead off to a control button.)

MILHOUSE

Shouldn't we at least look at the
instructions?

BART

Relax, Milhouse. My Dad's actually
been in space.

MILHOUSE

My Dad went to a sales conference.

(OFF BART'S SKEPTICAL LOOK) Well, he
was supposed to, but they cut the
budget.

Homer walks back to the control button. With dignity, he
puts a colander on his head and says:

HOMER

This is Launch Master Homer, counting
down. Five, four, three...

The rocket prematurely **BLOWS UP**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(DAZED) Two... one... (WOOZY NOISE)

As the smoke clears, we see that Milhouse's eyebrows are
gone.

MILHOUSE

(FEELING FOREHEAD) My eyebrows. My
beautiful eyebrows!

ANGLE ON BART

Milhouse's eyebrows have blown onto the sides of Bart's
face like sideburns.

BART

(COCKNEY VOICE) Over here, Guv'nor.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER THAT DAY

The repaired rocket is back on the launch pad. Homer finishes taping it back together as Bart and Milhouse look on. (Milhouse's eyebrows are reattached.)

HOMER

The word "unblowupable" is thrown around a lot these days, but I think I can say with confidence that...

The rocket **BLOWS UP** in his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

We PAN FROM the taped-up rocket to behind the doghouse, where Homer, Milhouse and Bart are crouched. Homer holds the control pad.

BART

Maybe I should push the button.

HOMER

It's not a toy, Bart.

MILHOUSE

It says on the box it is.

Suddenly we hear a **WHOOSH**, and they turn to see a large rocket shooting into the air above the Flanders yard.

HOMER

What the...?

FLANDERS pops his head over the fence.

FLANDERS

Greetings from Nedddy Space Center on
Cape Flandaveral. We noticed your
sky-ro-technics and thought we'd join
in. Ooh, looks like a perfect landing!

Flanders' rocket (parachute open) smoothly **LANDS** inside its
open box. The box flap closes on top of it.

MILHOUSE

Wow, did you see that yaw control?

HOMER

(BITTERLY) I have eyes, don't I?

He turns to Bart and Milhouse.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Boys, we're in a space race.

BART

Dad, we don't have to beat Flanders.

HOMER

Fine. I'll just sit back and let
Flanders rule the universe.

He pauses, then:

HOMER (CONT'D)

No. I can't do it! Get me some nerds.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - SEVERAL DAYS LATER

The CAMERA PANS across the yard, coming to rest on a five-foot tall homemade metal rocket, set up on an elaborate launch pad with liquid oxygen pouring off. Homer's nerd friends (BENJAMIN, DOUG and GARY) do last-minute tinkering. (Homer looks on, wearing a sixties-era necktie and glasses.) MARGE walks up with a pitcher of lemonade.

MARGE

Who wants some Astro-lemonade?

GARY

What precisely makes it Astro?

MARGE

Look, I don't want to start a whole
thing with this.

She leaves the lemonade and walks off. Doug wipes his brow.

DOUG

Okay Mr. Simpson, the rocket's ready to
go. And thanks for giving us our only
work since our dot com went bust.

HOMER

I told you no one would buy soup over
the internet.

GARY/DOUG/BENJAMIN

(SAD AGREEING NOISES)

HOMER

Now if you'll gather around, I'd like
to say a few words. (ANNOUNCING) All
nerds clear the launch area.

GARY/DOUG/BENJAMIN

(RELUCTANT WHINING)

MILHOUSE

You heard him. No nerds allowed. (OFF
HOMER'S LOOK) I'm goin', I'm goin'.

Milhouse and the nerds leave.

HOMER

Now all we need is our astronaut.

Bart, where's America's newest hero?

BART

He's getting some R and R with his
wife.

Bart holds up a shoebox with two HAMSTERS in it. One wears a cardboard space helmet. The other wears a sixties pink Chanel dress and pillbox hat.

HOMER

Oh, how cute. (LOUD WHISPER TO BART)

He's dumping her after the flight.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Homer, Bart and Milhouse stand near the rocket. Homer holds up a digital countdown clock -- there is no button for him to push.

HOMER

(DRAMATIC) T minus five, four, three--

Bart tugs his arm.

BART

Hey, Dad? How come the nerds are
behind that protective wall?

Bart points to a distant wall where we see the nerds looking through a glass window.

GARY/DOUG/BENJAMIN

(DISTANT WARNING NOISES)

HOMER

Uh-oh.

They start to run. Suddenly, an **EXPLOSION** fills the frame.

ANGLE ON ROCKET

it majestically **LIFTS OFF** like a Saturn V, gaining speed as it goes.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

We see the hamster's face being pulled back by the G-force (as in that photo in the Guinness Book of World Records).

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

A slightly-singed Bart, Milhouse and Homer sit on the ground watching the rocket.

BART/MILHOUSE/HOMER

(CHEERING NOISES)

BART

We did it, Dad. We punched a hole in
the ozone.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Through the window, Marge and Lisa watch the rocket fly.

MARGE

Look at it go.

LISA

I just wish Dad hadn't paid for it with
my college fund.

MARGE

Yeah, now he doesn't even ask.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD - DAY

The Simpsons' rocket **SAILS** through the sky. PAN DOWN to see a WINO in the gutter looking up at it.

WINO

That's it. I'm off the hooch.

He tosses his wine bottle away. It falls into the hand of an EXECUTIVE with a briefcase who is walking down the street.

EXECUTIVE

Hey! Wine!

He tosses his briefcase away and happily sits in the gutter, drinking the wine.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Homer, Bart and Milhouse watch the rocket (Bart uses binoculars). The vapor trail starts to curve.

BART

Dad, the rocket's off course!

Homer speaks into a walkie-talkie and reads from a briefing book.

HOMER

Okay Nibbles, you can guide her down.

Step one: Right in front of you is a red knob. Pull for a controlled burn of two point four seconds...

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Nibbles gives the camera an "Are you crazy?" look and pushes a button marked "EJECT" with his mouth. A hatch OPENS and Nibbles EJECTS safely with a parachute.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

As Nibbles floats to the ground, the rocket SPINS end-over-end out of control.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

HOMER

I knew we shouldn't have put in an
eject button.

The rocket **TUMBLES** wildly to earth, **SHOOTING** out flames as it goes.

HOMER (CONT'D)

We lost the yaw! Yaw come back now,
y'hear?

MILHOUSE

It's heading right for the church!

EXT. SPRINGFIELD - CONTINUOUS

The rocket flies toward the First Church of Springfield and **SMASHES** through a stained-glass window. We hear it quickly **RICOCHET** around inside the church, with bells **RINGING** and discordant **ORGAN NOTES**. It **SMASHES** out another stained-glass window as smoke and flame belch from the church.

INT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

GRAMPA looks out the window at the fiery church.

GRAMPA

Hey, the church is on fire.

An ORDERLY gently leads him from the window and **SHUTS** the blinds.

ORDERLY

(CONDESCENDING) Sure it is, old timer.

Everything's on fire.

GRAMPA

You're being condescending!

ORDERLY

(SUDDENLY STERN) That's it. You're
spending two days in the hole.

GRAMPA

Nooooo!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. FIRST CHURCH OF SPRINGFIELD - MORNING

The broken stained glass windows have been boarded up and replaced with crude drawings of religious events. Some smoke is coming out of the still-smoldering church. We PAN DOWN to REV. LOVEJOY examining the damage with the CHURCH COUNCIL (Ned Flanders, MRS. SKINNER, Marge, HELEN LOVEJOY, JASPER and KEARNEY).

REV. LOVEJOY

This is the worst damage our church has sustained since we had festival seating at Show Tune Sunday.

FLANDERS

(RUEFUL) What a disaster. "God-smell" was more like it.

He **HIGH-FIVES** Helen Lovejoy. Mrs. Skinner points to the damaged church with her umbrella.

MRS. SKINNER

Do we know who did it?

MARGE

Homer was in the back yard the whole time.

Her eyes dart around nervously.

REV. LOVEJOY

Well then, that leaves ball lightning.

FLANDERS

Do we have ball lightning insurance?

REV. LOVEJOY

It expired yesterday.

KEARNEY

Fixing this church should be our top priority. And I say that as a teenager and the parent of a teenager.

OTHER COUNCIL MEMBERS

(AGREEING MURMUR)

MARGE

Fixing all that damage is going to be very expensive.

REV. LOVEJOY

Yes, (HOPEFUL) barring some sort of miracle...

He looks hopefully up at the sky. The clouds part, the sun briefly comes out and nothing happens.

REV. LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Okay, we'll help ourselves (TESTY) yet again. (TO CHURCH COUNCIL) People, we need some fund-raising ideas.

Everyone's hand goes up.

REV. LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

And I don't want to hear the words "bake" or "sale."

All the hands go down.

MARGE

Let's just write to David Bowie again.

REV. LOVEJOY

He's done enough for this church.

Anyone else?

VOICE (V.O.)

(CLEAR THROAT)

A shadow falls on the wall of the church, in the shape of a devil with small horns.

COUNCIL MEMBERS

(TERRIFIED GASP)

MR. BURNS steps up, combing back two horn-shaped cowlicks.

COUNCIL MEMBERS (CONT'D)

(EVEN-MORE-TERRIFIED GASP)

MR. BURNS

I've got the answer. And all it will cost is your sole... and exclusive permission for me to run this church like a business.

JASPER

I don't know. Word is you're evil.

MR. BURNS

Pish Posh. Would an evil man try to help the house of the Lord?

A cross falls off the roof of the church, **BEATING** him. Burns glares heavenward and clenches his fist.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

(BITTERLY) Oh, you'll get yours. (TO CHURCH COUNCIL) Now, who's with me?

The church council looks around, unsure.

MR. BURNS (CONT'D)

Oh, make a decision, you cowards.

REV. LOVEJOY

Can we pray on this?

MR. BURNS

That's a deal breaker.

REV. LOVEJOY

(SIGHS) Fine, we'll do it.

INT. CHURCH - A LITTLE LATER

Burns stands before the council with LINDSEY NAEGLE.

MR. BURNS

This is Lindsey Naegle. And don't let the skirt fool you -- she'll have this place making money in no time.

MARGE

But this is a non-profit organization.

MR. BURNS

You're telling me!

LINDSEY NAEGLE

I guarantee I can find some new revenue streams. (PROUDLY) I worked with the team that made cheese the new fudge.

The church council **MUTTERS** appreciatively.

FLANDERS

What happened to fudge?

LINDSEY NAEGLE

It's the new ketchup. Get on the train.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIRST CHURCH OF SPRINGFIELD - DAY

WORKMEN are fixing the stained glass and repainting the walls. Parishioners, including the Simpsons, walk up and enter, dressed in their Sunday best.

INT. FIRST CHURCH OF SPRINGFIELD - CONTINUOUS

The Simpsons start to head for their usual pew, but an USHER stops them.

USHER

(POLITELY) Excuse me. This pew is reserved for "Golden Halo" members.

In the pew, we see an EXECUTIVE working on a laptop. A drink sits next to him like Business Class on airline.

MARGE

(SOTTO TO HOMER) It's based on our donations.

HOMER

(UNFAMILIAR WITH WORD) Our "donut-shins"?

USHER

(GRUFFLY) Just sit in the back.

The Simpsons head to the back row.

INT. FIRST CHURCH OF SPRINGFIELD - A LITTLE LATER

Rev. Lovejoy addresses the congregation. Behind him, workers take a small felt banner reading "PRAISE THE LORD" and replace it with a garish neon sign that flashes "PRAISE" then "THE" then "LORD" then "PRAISE THE LORD" then "DRINK BUZZ COLA".

REV. LOVEJOY

And Lord, please remember our infirm parishioners, especially Mrs. Glick (A LITTLE UNCOMFORTABLE) and Crazy Larry whose Big Screen TV prices are insane-ane-ane! But only for one week.

ANGLE ON LISA

She reacts, disturbed.

BACK TO SCENE

REV. LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

We will now dispense the Eucharist, but save room for our new jalapeño churros -- the official churro of the Presbylutheran faith.

He indicates a churro stand run by Lindsey Naegle and Mr. Burns, both wearing sombreros. CHIEF WIGGUM stands in front eating a churro.

CHIEF WIGGUM

And for you cops out there, it qualifies as a donut.

COPS rush up to get churros.

EXT. KRUSTY BURGER - LATER THAT MORNING - ESTABLISHING

The Simpsons are eating their post-church meal (still in their Sunday clothes).

BART

Wow, I can't believe the church
bulletin came with a curly fry coupon.

HOMER

Yeah, that's the first time I ever got
anything from that church (SARCASTIC)
except eternal salvation.

LISA

You know, there's something that's
bothering me.

MARGE

Yes, yes. Curly fries are made from
animals, the packaging hurts the ozone,
the maze on the place mat is too
easy...

LISA

No, no. I think all this grubbing for
money makes the church look tacky.

HOMER

That's ridiculous. They're just trying
to make ends meet.

Homer unbuttons his suit jacket. Beneath he is wearing a T-shirt that reads "GOT CHURCH?"

MARGE

Lisa, once the church has paid its
bills, it'll go back to being as boring
as ever.

HOMER

I don't know, Marge. Once you've started a revolution, it's tough to put the genie back in the toothpaste tube.

EXT. FIRST CHURCH OF SPRINGFIELD - THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY

The stained glass has now been beautifully repaired. New flower beds have been planted outside. On the roof is a Pioneer casino-type Jesus, thumbing people inside.
(Parishioners, including the Simpsons, walk in.)

BART

Why does Jesus have a lasso?

HOMER

'Cause he's all man, son.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

The Simpsons walk in, and **GASP**. Corporate sponsorship signs are everywhere (Costington's Department Store, Kwik-E-Mart, Omni-Pave, the Frying Dutchman, KBBL, etc.). The Simpsons pass the baptismal font, which is now a dancing-waters fountain. Lisa reads a sign.

LISA

"Baptismal Font sponsored by Disco
Stu's Pre-Owned Hot Tubs -- in the
Heart of the Spa District."

HOMER

His layaway plan is the real miracle.

As they enter the atrium of the church, Bart points up in the air.

BART

Cool. Sky boxes.

They look up at a sky box, where the RICH TEXAN sits in front of a bank of monitors, eating snacks.

RICH TEXAN

I'm closer to God than you are.

Yah-weh!

He turns to the bank of monitors, each of which has a different religious service on it. (They are marked "ST. PETER'S", "MECCA", "STONEHENGE", and "MORMON TABERNACLE.")

RICH TEXAN (CONT'D)

Now let's see what's going on at Westminster Abbey. (SHUDDERS) That Queen Momma could scare the skin off a snake!

The Simpsons head for their pew. They pass concession stands selling giant foam praying hands, action figures including G.I. Joseph, Tickle-Me-Judas, and Hungry Hungry Herod, and a life-sized Last Supper cutout where people stick their heads through and have their picture taken.

MONEY CHANGER

(WISEGUY VOICE) Money changed! Get your money changed, right here in the temple!

LISA

(ANNOYED NOISE) That could not be more blasphemous.

BART

There's nothing against it in the Ten Suggestions.

He points to two large plaques on the wall of the church which list the Ten Suggestions. The first two are "BE KIND, REWIND" and "EASY ON THE SWEARS".

LISA

I've had enough. I'm going to Sunday school.

Lisa storms through a door marked "SUNDAY SCHOOL."

BART

I'm gonna check out virtual collection plate!

He runs over to a virtual-reality video game with a sign reading "PRAYSTATION 3". (He puts on a virtual-reality helmet and picks up the controls.)

BART (CONT'D)

Insert four quarters. (HE DOES) Thank you for playing?!

(He takes off the virtual-reality helmet.)

INT. CHURCH - SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASSROOM - A LITTLE LATER

(The classroom looks the way it did in earlier episodes.) Lisa and the OTHER KIDS work on various crafts projects. The TEACHER watches over Lisa's shoulder.

TEACHER

Lisa, I don't think our Lord was such a sourpuss.

LISA

He's frowning because his house has been overrun by parasites.

TEACHER

Maybe so, but look at the upside -- I got a raise, and something even more important: a massage chair from Sharper Image.

She gestures to a vibrating massage chair behind her desk in which RALPH is sitting.

RALPH

(VIBRATING) It's like sitting on
Grandma's lap!

LISA

I'm starting to have doubts about the
Presbylutheran faith.

TEACHER

Doubts are normal, but you should
express them through pipe cleaners,
macaroni, and glue.

She hands Lisa a stack of crafts materials.

LISA

No! Get thee behind me, Miss
O'Connell.

TEACHER

It's Mrs. Strohman now. (SHOWS HER
RING)

LISA

Oh, congratulations. (THEN, HARDENING)
And good day!

She storms out.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Lisa comes out of the Sunday school door and then storms up the aisle to the exit. Lovejoy, whose robe has a Nike "swoosh" on it, watches the CHOIR sing.

CHOIR

(SING) I AM STUCK ON BAND AID / 'CAUSE
BAND AID'S STUCK ON ME.

DR. HIBBERT steps out.

DR. HIBBERT

(SINGS, BARITONE) 'CAUSE IT REALLY
STICKS ON FINGERS / AND IT STICKS ON
BANDAGED KNEE...

Marge sees Lisa exiting.

MARGE

Lisa, where are you going?

LISA

I'm leaving the church, forever!

CONGREGATION

(GASPS)

Lisa goes out the exit. Homer stands up like the father in "Fiddler on the Roof" (Tevye).

HOMER

(DRAMATICALLY) I-have-no-daughter!

BART

What about Maggie?

HOMER

(DRAMATICALLY) She-doesn't-count!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

We PUSH INTO Lisa's bedroom window.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa kneels next to her bed, praying.

LISA

Lord, I'm not turning my back on You.

I just need to find a temple that's
free of corruption.

GHOSTLY VOICE (O.S.)

Why do you have to be so different?

Always making a big deal out of
everything.

LISA

Mom?!

Marge pops up from the other side of the bed.

LISA (CONT'D)

I can't believe you're eavesdropping on
my prayers!

MARGE

I'm worried about your soul. I want at
least one person from this family to go
to Heaven.

LISA

I still believe in God. I just think
there's another path to Him, or Her.

MARGE

Her?! (LOOKING UP) She's just
kidding, Mr. Lord.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. LISA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa sits at her desk reading "ZAGAT'S GUIDE TO WORLD RELIGIONS". On the desk is "'RELIGIONHOOD' by Paul Reiser". Bart enters.

BART

Still lookin' for a new faith?

LISA

Yep.

BART

How 'bout one of those religions where
you eat a human heart?

LISA

(FIRMLY) No.

BART

How 'bout Methodist?

LISA

(MORE FIRMLY) No! (BEAT) Look, I'm
not just gonna pick a religion that
seems cool. I'm gonna pick one that's
right for me.

BART

How 'bout Judaism? When you turn
twelve, cha-ching.

Lisa **MUTTERS** and continues reading.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LISA'S ROOM - LATER

Bart is gone. A sleepy Lisa is still reading. She **YAWNS** and falls asleep.

**DREAM DISSOLVE
TO:**

EXT. BLVD. OF CHURCHES - NIGHT

Lisa walks along as religious marquees pass by reading: "TEMPLE OF ISLAM" "BED, BATH AND BAHĀ'Ī" and a garish flashing sign reading "AMISH". Lisa stops at a night club reading "WHISKEY A GOD GOD" and walks in.

INT. STAR WARS-TYPE TAVERN - NIGHT

The GODS of every religion are partying. Lisa enters. SHIVA and GANEESH play foosball with their many arms.

SHIVA

Hey, get your trunk out of my beer
nuts!

GANEESH

(ELEPHANT NOISE)

APHRODITE sits at the bar drinking. POSEIDON comes up and hits on her.

POSEIDON

How'd you like to have a Poseidon
adventure?

APHRODITE

Don't I know you from somewhere?

POSEIDON

(EMBARRASSED) You, uh, sprang from my
thigh.

LISA

Eh, I can scratch those two off my
list.

Lisa sits down at the bar. A sign over the bar reads "WE DO NOT ACCEPT CANADIAN GODS". As Lisa looks around, considering the various deities, the BARTENDER approaches.

BARTENDER

Hey, pretty woman.

LISA

Richard Gere?! What are you doing
here?

RICHARD GERE

Just trying to serve Buddha.

He **POURS** from a Diet Coke bottle and hands the glass to BUDDHA, who sits at the bar.

BUDDHA

Can I get another bowl of Chex Mix?

RICHARD GERE

Comin' at ya.

He **SLIDES** a bowl of Chex Mix down the bar to Buddha.

LISA

Oh yeah, I read in US magazine that
you're a Buddhist. (THEN, QUICKLY) It
was in a doctor's office.

RICHARD GERE

(NOT FOOLED) Sure it was.

LISA

Mr. Gere, what attracted you to
Buddhism?

RICHARD GERE

(POLISHING A GLASS) Its emphasis on
enlightenment through self-reflection.
I like the serenity it provides in a
world overcome by material attachments.

LISA

(DREAMY SIGH)

BUDDHA

("CAN YOU BELIEVE IT") Richard Gere!

RICHARD GERE

Are you interested in becoming a
Buddhist?

LISA

No, I just realized I am a Buddhist.

Buddha turns to her, smiling.

BUDDHA

I like this one.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S BEDROOM - JUST BEFORE DAWN

Lisa lies in bed, her hands folded serenely on her belly.
She wakes up and sees a small lotus blossom in her hand.

MUSIC: EASTERN MYSTICAL

LISA

(GASP)

She opens the window and shouts out.

LISA (CONT'D)

I'm a Buddhist!

EXT. HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET - CONTINUOUS

LUIGI, in a nightshirt, sticks his head out the window.

LUIGI

And I'm-a sleeping! Go back-a to bed!

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

The Simpsons eat breakfast.

HOMER

That is unacceptable. As long as
you're living in this house, you'll do
what I do and believe what I believe.

Now butter your bacon!

BART

(MEEK) Yes, father.

Bart meekly spreads butter on his bacon and **EATS** it. Homer turns to Lisa.

HOMER

I'm sorry, Lisa. You were just about
to tell me something.

LISA

Well, my spiritual quest is over. Last
night I realized--

HOMER

Hold that thought. (TO BART) Jelly up
that sausage, boy.

BART

But Dad, my heart hurts.

LISA

Mom, Dad, I'm a Buddhist.

BART

Buddhist? You're gonna be bossed
around by a big fat guy?

HOMER

Boy, there'd better be food in your
mouth the next time you talk.

BART

Sorry.

He shoves food in his mouth.

MARGE

Well Lisa, I hope you know what you're
doing. Around here, Buddhists don't
get any desserts in their lunches.

LISA

A Buddhist wouldn't want any.

MARGE

(IRRITATED MURMUR)

EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bart rounds a corner and NELSON and THE BULLIES are there.

NELSON

Hey Simpson, I hear your sister went
Buddhist.

BART

Who cares?

DOLPH

I'll tell you someone who cares. He's
got long hair, works as a carpenter,
has a lot of "crazy" ideas about love
and brotherhood.

JIMBO

Maybe you've heard of him. His name's
Gunnar and he's dating my Mom.
Sometimes he buys us beer.

KEARNEY

And he thinks your sister's way out of
line. Which means you got a beating
coming.

Nelson and the bullies surround Bart.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Bart, Marge and Homer sit in the living room, dressed in nice clothes, ties, etc. Lisa comes down the stairs and looks at them, puzzled.

LISA

Hey, what's going on?

MARGE

Nothing. We just felt like dressing up
and sitting stiffly.

Lisa looks at them, but everyone looks away shiftily, even Maggie. The doorbell **RINGS** and Marge leaps up and goes to it. Before she even opens the door, she says...

MARGE (CONT'D)

(FAKE SURPRISED) Why, it's Reverend Lovejoy!

She opens the door, and Lovejoy is standing there.

MARGE (CONT'D)

What a lovely surprise.

LISA

Is this a setup?

REV. LOVEJOY

Not at all. I was just in the neighborhood and decided to stop by for dinner.

MARGE

(PEEVED) No one said anything about dinner.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - EVENING

Rev. Lovejoy sits with the Simpsons at the dinner table. Everyone's head is bowed.

REV. LOVEJOY

...And Lord, I hate to bring this up,
but someone here isn't thinking
Christian thoughts.

Homer looks around guiltily.

HOMER

Okay, I was just thinking how much more relaxed I am when you're not here.

REV. LOVEJOY

I was referring to Lisa.

LISA

I know what you guys are trying to do, but I found my spiritual path in Buddhism, and I must walk it.

She smiles and exits.

MARGE

We've gotta stop her before she attains true enlightenment.

REV. LOVEJOY

Don't worry. There's one thing we Christians do better than anyone else.

(SINISTER CHUCKLE)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LISA'S ROOM - EVENING

Lisa lights some incense candles, then puts on a cassette entitled "MANTRA MASH". We hear soothing **MEDITATION MUSIC**. Lisa crosses her legs and meditates when she hears:

HOMER/MARGE/BART (O.S.)

(SINGING) DECK THE HALLS WITH BOUGHS
OF HOLLY / FA LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA...

Lisa looks out the window...

EXT. FRONT OF SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The exterior of the house and the front lawn are lit up with an elaborate display of Christmas lights. Lisa leans out the window.

LISA

Look, I know Christmas is coming but
it's not going to make me crack.

HOMER

Oh yeah? Let's hear you say no to
figgy pudding, all manner of nog, hot
wassail, and poorly claymated Christmas
specials.

DISSOLVE TO:

An advent calendar (for the month of December). We PAN UP to one window, which opens revealing:

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Lisa, sitting cross-legged, meditates next to a Bonsai tree. Homer reaches into frame and puts an angel on top of the tree.

LISA

Well, at least it's tasteful.

Homer flips a switch on the angel and it starts **BARKING** to the tune of "Jingle Bells". Lisa rolls her eyes.

We PAN back out the advent calendar window and over to another window on the calendar. It opens revealing:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Lisa stands in the house at the open door. Grampa, Jasper and OLD JEWISH MAN stand at the door as the three wise men bearing wrapped gifts.

JASPER

We're the three wise men.

GRAMPA

I brought you Frankincense.

LISA

(EXAMINES IT) This is Myrrh.

OLD JEWISH MAN

You don't like, you can exchange it
after the Holidays.

We PULL OUT and PUSH INTO the December 24th door, which opens revealing:

EXT. CHRISTMAS-DECORATED SIMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hallway is decorated oppressively with Christmas ornaments, except for Lisa's door, which has a Buddhist wheel-of-life poster on it. Marge and Bart, dressed in winter clothes, meet outside Lisa's doorway.

MARGE

Bart, you got the partridge?

BART

It's in the pear tree.

MARGE

Turtledoves?

BART

Yeah, everyone's out front. But one of our swans is missing.

Homer walks up eating from a giant bird bone.

HOMER

This is not what you think.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

We see the twelve days of Christmas characters. The LORDS-A-LEAPING wear tights and powdered wigs. They **LEAP** happily. One Lord turns to another.

FIRST LORD

(ENGLISH ACCENT) Isn't it grand to be
paid to do something you love?

One of the MAIDS-a-milking glares up at him.

MAID

They promised me an ergonomic stool.

We hear the front door **SLAM** and Lisa storms out of the house, pushing through the PIPERS **PIPING**, DRUMMERS **DRUMMING**, etc. Startled SWANS and GEESE **SQUAWK** as they hurry out of her way.

LISA

You can all just go home, because it's
not working.

One of the pipers **SLAPS** his pipe in his palm angrily.

PIPER

Yeah? Well, first it's time to pay the
piper.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET - CHRISTMAS EVE

A light snow starts to fall as Lisa walks down the street.

MUSIC: OH LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM (INSTRUMENTAL)

Lisa peers in through Flanders' window.

INT. FLANDERS' HOUSE - CHRISTMAS EVE - CONTINUOUS

FLANDERS

All right boys, some milk and cookies
for Santa and some Lactaid in case he's
lactose intolerant.

ROD

I don't know what I like best about
Christmas. Going to church or writing
the thank you notes.

FLANDERS

It's all good.

They hug.

ANGLE ON LISA

Looking moved. She heads down the street.

EXT STREET - A LITTLE LATER

Lisa passes the police station. She peers in the window.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

SNAKE sits in a chair with a Christmas tree behind him,
reciting "The Night Before Christmas" to rapt policemen.

SNAKE

When he came down the chimney, that
jolly old elf, I laughed when I saw him
in spite of myself.

CHIEF WIGGUM

And that's when you shot him?

SNAKE

No. That comes later.

A MAN resembling a jolly old elf, with his arm in a sling, steps forward.

MAN

Oh, I can't press charges. It's
Christmas.

ANGLE ON LISA

Even more moved. Her lip quivers.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET - A LITTLE LATER

The snow is falling even harder now. She turns a corner and sees a huge Buddhist shrine. A sign outside reads "Springfield Buddhist Temple - Inner Peace and Underground Parking". An excited Lisa runs inside.

INT. SPRINGFIELD BUDDHIST TEMPLE - CONTINUOUS

She walks in and sees LENNY and CARL meditating.

LISA

Lenny and Carl, are you Buddhists?

CARL

I got into it when I was dating Tina Turner.

LENNY

I joined to be like my idol Cat Stevens.

LISA

Cat Stevens is a Muslim.

LENNY

(UPSET) Oh boy.

CARL

Hey shouldn't you be with your family?
It's Christmas Eve.

LISA

I do miss them, but I'm a Buddhist now.

Richard Gere walks up.

RICHARD GERE

That's okay. Buddhists are free to practice any faith and observe any holiday.

LISA

Richard Gere?! Just like in my dream.

RICHARD GERE

(CHUCKLES) We all have dreams. Mine is of a free Tibet.

LENNY

I dream about meatball sandwiches. All you can eat for two bucks.

RICHARD GERE

(SARCASTIC) Good luck. But young lady, you should go home and spend the holiday with your family. I'm sure they miss you.

LISA

So I can really celebrate Christmas?

LENNY

Sure. We were gonna go spend Christmas with Moe so he don't hang himself.

CARL

(CHECKS WATCH) We better book.

LISA

(BOWING) Namaste.

LENNY/CARL/RICHARD GERE

Namaste.

EXT. SIMPSON FRONT YARD - CHRISTMAS MORNING

Homer, Bart and Marge (with Maggie) in their winter clothes approach from three different directions.

HOMER

I did it. I found Santa's Little Helper. (HOLDS UP SANTA'S LITTLE
HELPER)

MARGE

We were looking for Lisa!

BART

I thought we were caroling.

MARGE

(SHAKING HEAD) We'd better call the police.

She heads inside.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marge enters, picks up the phone, then turns and sees something.

MARGE

Lisa?

Underneath the Christmas tree, Lisa is curled up, asleep. She opens her eyes.

MARGE (CONT'D)

(EXCITED) You came back!

Lisa smiles as Homer and Bart enter.

LISA

Yeah, I wanted to spend Christmas with
you guys.

HOMER

So you've turned your back on your
trophy faith.

LISA

No, I'm still Buddhist, but that
doesn't mean I can't worship God with
my family too.

MARGE

So you're just going to pay lip service
to our church?

LISA

Uh huh.

HOMER

That's all I've ever asked. (THEN) Now
lets get some hot wassail.

He picks her up on his shoulders and exits to the kitchen
as we PAN UP to see Buddha, SANTA and Poseidon sitting on a
cloud.

BUDDHA

So, Santa, I guess we're going to wind
up splitting Lisa Simpson.

SANTA

Uh huh. That makes two billion for me
and three hundred and fifty million for
you.

Santa, Buddha and Poseidon share a **LAUGH**.

BUDDHA

What are you laughing at? How many
followers do you have?

POSEIDON

None. But I got a movie, a couple of
cruise ships, and the scariest
waterslide in Ohio.

Buddha and Santa start picking up pieces of clouds and
start whacking him like a sitcom pillow fight.

MUSIC: SITCOM PLAYOFF

FADE OUT:

THE END